

*Ladies'*

# LITERARY



*Museum*

## WESTERVILLE AND LOUISA; OR,

### THE TEMPLE OF SENSIBILITY.

*(Concluded.)*

As they returned, mr. Manfield pointed out the most beautiful prospects, to which Westerville listened with particular attention. Whether it was the morning's peculiar disposition of light and shade which threw additional tints over the scenes, I know not; but to Louisa they had never before appeared half so lovely. There was one from which you saw the whole view that Westerville had admired the preceding evening: here they again reclined under the shady canopy of an old oak, whose antique roots projected into the brook: in this delightful situation mr. Manfield requested Louisa to recite Milton's "Morning hymn." Ere she had done, a poor solitary stag, that seemed to have received a hurt from the cruelty of some unfeeling hunter, came to enjoy the cooling stream, which at that place ran deeper: the wretched animal heaved such piteous groans, that his leatherneat coat seemed full almost to bursting, whilst the big round tears coursed each other down his shaggy forehead. This was a spectacle which aroused the compassion of miss Manfield: the responsive tear of sympathy glistened on her cheek; and the animal seemed so feelingly to implore her pity, that she at once determined to offer it assistance. As she approached, the poor stag seemed to forget his native wildness; and, encouraged by that smile of beneficence which displayed itself on her countenance, suffered her to examine the wounded part. Miss Manfield found the bone broken (but would by no means accept the assistance of her friends, lest their approaches should alarm it), which she bound tight with a riband. The poor creature

seemed so sensible of the favor, which added to the indescribable pleasure she experienced, that she would not, at that moment, have exchanged her feelings for those of any one under heaven, except Westerville:

After breakfast, Charles took his leave, with a promise of calling in the afternoon. On his return home, he could think of nothing but miss Manfield, she alone occupied his whole attention; and he found his heart so tenderly attached to her, that he determined to ask mr. Manfield's leave to solicit her affections.

Miss Manfield was equally inspired with a passion for Westerville: he seemed possessed of so much urbanity and goodness of heart, and such an air of softness shaded his manly countenance, that, from so short an acquaintance, he had become extremely interesting to her. There was a superiority of merit conspicuous in both, and a congeniality of disposition, which at once endeared them to each other by such attracting sentiments of purity as only virtuous and tender souls experience. In a few days, Charles collected courage (for true love surmounts all difficulties) to acquaint her with his passion; and tho awed, as it were, by her superior presence, yet he urged his suit so feelingly, that Louisa, who was a perfect stranger to coquetry, confessed her partiality. As frankness and generosity were among her predominant virtues, she listened to his protestations with increasing sensibility; and, candidly rising superior to the little arts and intrigues of her sex, at once kindly completed the measure of his happiness by avowing a reciprocal attachment. In their conversation she noticed the romantic appearance of their acquaintance, and Charles quoted a passage from Shakespeare extremely apropos: 'We no sooner s<sup>r</sup>e each other,' said he, 'but we loved; no sooner loved,

but sighed; no sooner sighed, but asked each other the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but sought, and, I hope, have found, the remedy. Louisa blushed.

Sweet sensibility! to thee we owe the finer emotions of the soul, and all the exquisite sensations of mutual love! 'Tis thou who enlargest the heart, and inspires it with those soft affections which unite us together in sympathetic bonds of dearest amity!

Towards the upper part of Westerville's favorite retreat, was a little plantation of yews and cypresses, so situated, that it commanded a fine view of the whole landscape, in the midst of which was a clear plot of green herbage; save one poor solitary willow, whose weeping branches pensively swept the sward. Here Charles determined to erect an octagon temple in compliment to miss Manfield, as the place was not only peculiarly adapted for meditation, but likewise a walk of which she was extremely fond. Accordingly he applied to some workmen, and, at the same time, wrote to a friend for such decorations as he thought necessary for the completion of his design. In a little time, he had the pleasure not only of announcing the idea, but also of communicating the pleasing intelligence to miss Manfield, who took the first opportunity of accompanying him to her intended seclusion, for which she had already conceived an unusual predilection. Nor was she disappointed; for she saw that the hint was taken from one of mr. Potter's beautiful novelettes, of which she was fond to a degree of enthusiasm: in compliment, therefore, to miss Manfield, permit me occasionally to make use of his description.

The weeping willow stood a few paces before the temple; a myrtle had spread its branches over the front of the building; and a jasmine, which was taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico, hung down in festoons on each side. On a marble frieze was this inscription from Sterne:

TEMPLE OF SENSIBILITY.

"Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! Thou chainst thy martyr down upon his bed of straw; and tis thou who lifts him up to Heaven—eternal fountain of our feelings! Tis here I trace thee—!"

Within was a neat bookcase, which contained a judicious selection of the most esteemed works, put up in elegant bindings; on a broad marble column, which seemed to support it, were these words:

"Sweet pliability of man's spirits, that can at once surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!"

The walls were painted a pale green, and tastefully ornamented with small marble busts of Richardson, Rousseau, Sterne, and Zimmerman. In a niche was placed a marble urn, in which grew a sensitive plant, a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place, contracting its leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air:

"Her tender breast with pity seems to pant,  
And shrinks at ev'ry shrinking of the plant."

To this enchanting retreat, Charles would retire with his dear Louisa; where, tasting all the delights of a refined and mutual affection, they seemed but to live in each other's company. They would spend the whole day alternately perusing their favorite authors, and anticipating scenes of future happiness; or, as fancy led, would stray along the vale indulging the feelings of reciprocal endearments, where

"Oft would she stoop amidst theia evening walk,  
With tender hand each bruised plant to reas;  
To bind the drooping lily's broken stalk,  
Or nurse the blossoms of the infant year."

O! happy state of heart-felt rapture! Secure of each other's love, they lived free from those corroding passions which disturb mankind in an intercourse with the world. Their tender hearts were equally susceptible to the rapturous emotions of that refined passion; and, superlatively happy in each other, they passed their time experiencing all those extatic sensations which a truly virtuous love can alone inspire. In this retired situation, they saw few of the miseries of mankind. But soon, fond couple, shall ye experience fortune's keenest adversities; for, know, that the officious tongue of fame has already reported the dreadful tidings to old Westerville. For a while, rage and contempt alternately racked his sordid bosom; at length, he set out, vowing revenge on a son, who could bring (as he considered it) such contempt upon his family. He reached Charles's habitation just as the latter had returned from the "Temple of Sensibility," where he had left miss Manfield, in order to fetch his flute. After the old man's frenzy had something subsided, he ordered Charles into the carriage, who just had time to entrust a line with the old housekeeper, wherein he mentioned his unhappy fate, and vowed eternal fidelity. In a moment they were out of sight; and on their arrival in town, Charles was immediately sent on board a vessel, with a packet of written instructions to direct him on a mercantile affair of importance.

The ship on board which Westerville had embarked was driven by a tempest into the north seas, and compelled to seek anchorage not far from

the object of his affections. Tho the captain had received positive injunctions not to suffer Charles to land until they reached the destined port, yet, by appealing to the feelings of even the rough sailor, he was so far prevailed on by the language of natural affection, as to put him on shore for a few hours. But what were Westerville's sensations, when he found himself beneath the valley on whose bank he had so often wandered with his beloved Louisa! Love increased agility, and brought him in a little time to his favorite temple. He entered hastily, but found it unoccupied, tho from the freshness of a line (which was scarcely dry) drawn under these words in Sterne's Maria, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," he was convinced that some one of sensibility had been perusing that exquisitely pathetic tale. The remark affected him exceedingly, and he thought it had touched Louisa, for he fancied that there was a tear here and there upon the page. In ascending the hill towards mr. Manfield's, he caught a transient glance of Louisa passing thro the wicket, which caused him to proceed with redoubled energy; insomuch, that on entering the well-known door he was quite exhausted with the exertion, and the anticipated pleasure of meeting miss Manfield. But,

"Soon her quick footsteps struck his listening ear;  
She came confess! the lovely maid drew near!  
But, ah! what force of language can impart  
Th'impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!  
O! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove  
The trembling extacies of mutual love;  
When with delicious agony the thought  
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;  
Your secret sympathy alone can tell  
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;  
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,  
When love with sweet enchantment melts the soul."

I shall slightly pass over a separation that I can inadequately describe. Louisa accompanied Charles to the boat, where their emotions were discovered by the rough sailors; and 'albeit, unused to the melting mood,' yet it operated so powerfully upon their feelings, that their hearts overflowed with tenderness, whilst the generous souls freely offered to leave Charles in the arms of his dear Louisa.

But the lovely girl, aware of the consequences which must inevitably ensue, preferred Westerville's welfare to her own; and, sooner than he should further incur the displeasure of an already incensed parent, positively insisted on being left

to her fate, which, be it what it would, was joy, was ecstasy, compared to his unhappiness. She saw the boat which contained her all in this world, save her father, move from the shore; and, pursuing it with a frantic pleasure, saw them safe on board, in order to pursue a voyage which soon proved so fatal to her peace.

The wind being favorable, the vessel set sail with Charles in a state of mind to which all the horrors of the most complicated distress was elysium: he was perfectly insensible to every object but the portrait of miss Manfield, upon which he gazed with a lethargic stupidity; nor could the idea of absence efface the lovely original from his mind. How often would his imagination wander over those scenes which had once witnessed his happiness! But, alas! the remembrance of past pleasures only embitters our present torments!

The mind of sensibility takes a pleasure in brooding over sorrows that flow for a worthy object; and miss Manfield had a pensive satisfaction in every thought that recalled the idea of Westerville. She was never absent from the "Temple of Sensibility," when her presence was unnecessary at home; for the greatest happiness consisted in perusing those favorite passages whose beauties he had first pointed out to her. From the similitude between her own situation and Anna's, in Falkner's 'Shipwreck,' to which she knew Charles's attachment, it became her constant companion. How often, on perusing this charming Poem, would she exclaim, in the pathetic language of the inspired writer, 'Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!'

One evening, towards the latter end of the year, as mr. Manfield was endeavoring to dispel, by innocent diversions, a more than ordinary gloom which pervaded the countenance of his dear child, a sudden and violent tempest arose in the east, which swelled the sea to an amazing height: a dismal darkness encompassed the earth, save that the frequent flakes of vivid lightning now and then illumined the mountains, and discovered the large black clouds which presaged an impending storm. Louisa retired to her room, but the dreadful idea of Westerville's enduring the tempest inspired unutterable anguish. Her big heart throbbed with incredible violence against a tender bosom much too small for such an agitated inhabitant. She flew to her favorite "Shipwreck," and, indulging a kind of melancholy woe, her wild imagination presented the crew of the much-wished-for vessel experi-

encing all the sufferings which the poet so movingly describes:

"Posset by sympathy's enchanting sway,  
She read, unconscious of the dawning day."

Mr. and miss Manfield that morning directed their walk towards the sea-shore, for the humane purpose of rendering assistance to any object that they might find in distress, but more particularly to prevent the inhabitants of the neighboring parishes from plundering those unfortunate fellow-creatures (a shameful practice disgraceful to humanity, but too frequently practised along our coasts) who have suffered, far from home, a watery death: twas a sweet morning, and such as often succeeds a storm. They reach the strand: but, what are Louisa's sensations on discovering a lifeless body upon the water, which the surf, in a moment, throws at her feet! Her natural humanity soon collects fortitude to examine the corpse: her heart beats with unusual palpitations as she gazes upon something half-concealed in the stranger's bosom. Good heavens! tis the portrait of Louisa Manfield prest close to the clay-cold breast of Charles Westerville! She falls apparently lifeless upon the body! Her senses, alas! are flown forever!

DELIUS.

## Philadelphia:

MONDAY, JULY 13, 1818.

*NEW SERIES.*

In the next Number, which will commence the Third Volume, we shall present to our Patrons and the Public (as a specimen) a course of *New Series*, which we hope will be approved of by the serious and the gay of both sexes—the tyro of literature and the adept in the sciences. The “*Ladies’ Literary Museum*,” on the day of its birth, threw itself into the fostering arms of its female supporters, and depended *solely* on them for a liberal maintenance. By thus devoting itself *so exclusively* to their service, it was presumed, that they would cheerfully contribute their united aid towards establishing *a paper of their own*, independent of the opposite taste of the gentlemen.

But in this expectation, we have, perhaps deservedly, been greatly disappointed. To the credit of the Fair, be it spoken, that they seem to have set their backs against such a division of interests, and selfish pursuit, and suffered the "Ladies' Museum" to pine and languish like a disappointed *old maid*, or repentant *nun* who had *taken the veil!* This total exclusion of the more philosophical or abstruse researches of the opposite sex, it must have been perceived, has ever confined us to *one particular path* of literature, which, however delightful to that sensibility and refined taste so peculiar to, and admired in, an accomplished female, does not, it must be confessed, interest the feelings further than innocent amusement; and seldom, if ever, informs the mind more than a general view of a variety of beautiful flowers tastefully arranged in the garden of a virtuoso. It is therefore our determination, by the advice of our friends, to turn our attention to subjects of more general *usefulness*, for the want of which, in proper proportion, we believe, the Museum has not received that encouragement it ought to command by the handsome style in which it is printed, and the respectability of its early patrons. To accomplish this object, and meet the wishes of the Ladies, we announce our intention *to unite the interests of the two sexes*—convinced that a periodical publication devoted to the service of one, and avowedly to the exclusion of the other, is as hostile to the dispositions of both, as a beautiful maid, who vows to live and die single, is to a worthy man, or an old bachelor to a young lady. The Ladies' Museum will therefore, henceforward, be enlarged and considerably improved in its typographical appearance, under the Title of "The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Museum, and Philadelphia Literary Reporter."

## THE "BOSTON BARD."

A little volume under this title has just appeared in Philadelphia. Having seen in the "UNION" a number of pieces under the same signature, I was induced to purchase the work, and to make some enquiries respecting its author. The volume is neatly printed, on fine paper, contains 156 pages and more than a hundred pieces on various subjects. Some of these are light and airy, and some breathe a more pensive strain; while a few are entirely religious or moral.

The distinguishing characteristic of the style of these poems is simplicity: the verse is generally smooth and harmonious; oftentimes possessing much sweetness and felicity of expression. While we speak in terms of honest commendation of many parts of this work, it is due to the dignity of criticism to say, that it possesses some feeble lines, and occasionally a stanza scarcely pardonable; for it contains such evidence of genius as to assure us, that the author, with little trouble, might have rendered it more perfect. But where so many beauties brighten in our path, and merit so distinctly preponderates, we deem it as unjust, as it is certainly painful, to indulge in severity of remark.

The Boston Bard, we learn, is a young man, having scarcely attained his 23d year. Wayward fortune has played with him her wildest vagaries. The son of a New England Clergyman, his opportunities in childhood must have been favorable for the attainment of knowledge; but at an early age he was placed with an uncle, whom he left and entered a Printing Office, as an apprentice. He has seen the white cliffs of Albion and the green fields of the 'sweetest Isle of the ocean.' But in a luckless hour he was taken by the enemy and imprisoned. Since his return he has wandered thro most of the considerable towns of New England, working as a printer, and enlivening the journals, under various signatures, with the effusions of his pen. The approbation expressed by the public of various productions of his muse, united with the advice of a few select friends, induced him to send the present volume to the press. An edition of 1000 copies was struck; dedicated to the New-England society, composed of a number of intelligent and highly worthy citizens from the East, who have emigrated to push their fortunes in the

metropolis of this liberal and flourishing commonwealth.

Few of these books are yet bound, we understand, from the want of means to meet the requisite expense. There is a nice and delicate sensibility in the poet that unfits him for the pounds, shillings, and pence concerns of business. The muses love to dance on tiptoe in a sequestered glade, on velvet lawns, to the soft music of the flageolet, or the whispering notes of sighing zephyrs—but the rattling of a dray—the sight of a ledger, or a demand for money, operates as a complete exorcism, and they immediately disappear. But the evil suggested we have no doubt will be easily got over. The New England society will not fail to do what a liberal, yet perfectly prudent policy, shall dictate. They will become acquainted with the bard; if they find him, as we are assured they will, a young man of modest deportment, correct moral habits, willing to labor and disposed to learn, needing only the kind hand of fostering friendship to cheer by deserved praise—to improve by delicate but free remarks, to animate and direct by the countenance and council of the distinguished and the wise, all the aids, we have no doubt, will be afforded him requisite to bring his work fairly before the public, and to open the way for his future advancement in life to any eminence which his merits may claim.—[*Village Record.*]

## ANECDOCE.

A woman having a cross-grained husband, hard to please, she desired him to write down what she should do, and what she should not do, that she might never err in her duty. This was done, and she well observed her rules; when, one day going a mile or two to visit a friend, the good man got light-headed, and on his return home he reeled into a ditch, calling to his wife to help him out: 'Indeed, husband, (said she) I remember no such article in my orders, but I'll go home and see, and if there is, I'll come back and help you.'

## BON MOT.

A person was joked by his friends, because, at an advanced age he had married a young woman; the old beau replied, 'That he would rather have his heart pierced by a new and shining blade, than by a rusty nail.'

[Query? Could the girl have been of the same opinion?]

## FANNY DEAREST.

Oh had I the leisure to sigh and mourn,  
Fanny dearest! for thee I'd sigh,  
And every smile on my cheek should turn  
To tears, when thou art nigh—  
But between love, wine and sleep,  
So busy a life I live,  
That even the time it would take to weep,  
Is more than my heart can give:  
Then bid me not despair and pine,  
Fanny dearest of all dears!  
The love, that's order'd to bathe in wine,  
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine:  
Fanny dearest, thine image lies—  
But ah! the mirror would cease to shine,  
If dimm'd too often with sighs;  
They lose the half of beauty's light,  
Who view it thro sorrow's tear:  
And tis only to see thee truly bright,  
That I keep my eye-beam clear:  
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow,  
Fanny dearest, the hope is vain;  
If sunshine will not dissolve thy snow,  
I shall never attempt it with rain.

## ON THIS COLD FLINTY ROCK.

On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,  
And happy I'll sing thro the night;  
The moon shall smile sweetly upon my cold bed,  
And the stars crowd to give me their light.  
Then come to me my gentle dear,  
O turn those sweet eyes to me;  
To my bosom now creep, I will sing thee to sleep,  
And kiss from thy lids the sad tear,  
And kiss from thy lids the sad tear.

This innocent flower which these rude cliffs un-  
Is thou, love, the sun of this earth! [fold,  
But the rock that it springs from, so flinty and  
Is thy father, who gave thee thy birth! [cold,  
Then come to me my gentle dear, &c.

The dews that now hang on the cheek of the eve,  
And the winds that so mournfully cry,  
Are the sighs and the tears of the youth thou must  
To lie down in the desarts to die. [leave,  
Then come to me my gentle dear, &c.

## SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Little thinks the townsman's wife,  
Whilst at home she tarries,  
What must be the lass's life  
Who a soldier marries!  
Now with weary marching spent,  
Dancing now before the tent;  
Lira lira la, lira lira la,  
With her jolly soldier.

In the camp at night she lies,  
Wind and weather scorning,  
Only griev'd her love must rise  
And leave her in the morning:  
But the doubtful battle done,  
Blythe she sings at set of sun,  
Lira lira la, lira lira la, &c.

Should the captain of her dear  
Use his vain endeavor,  
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,  
Two fond hearts to sever;  
At his passion she will scoff,  
Laughing, thus she puts him off—  
Lira lira la, &c.

## POOR TOM.

Then, farewell, my trim-built wherry,  
Oars and coat and badge, farewell;  
Never more at Chelsea ferry  
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,  
In the battle's heat I go,  
Where, exposed to every danger,  
Some friendly ball may lay me low.

Then mayhap, when homeward steering,  
With the news my mesmates come,  
Even you, my story hearing,  
With a sigh may cry, "poor Tom."

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"Pure and unsullied burns the flame of love,  
Bright and resplendent as the orb above;  
Mild as the beaming star of silent eve,  
And gentle as the sighs that ring-doves breathe:  
Such sacred heat from such celestial fire,  
Chastens each thought and checks all wild desire;  
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END OF VOLUME II.

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LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM;

to know that perfect happiness is a gleam; but, deprived as you are of all treasure, which stoic apathy could not regret, yet, does not Providence still withdraw his blessings, and leave sources of enjoyment both in fortune and friends? Look round your domain, my beloved Frederic, and survey the effect of poverty and distress; see the wife bewailing the loss of her protector, on whom her infants and self depended for their bread; or see the husband bemoaning the object of his affection, whilst the cries of her offspring agonise his heart; and hear them loudly proclaiming the calls of hunger, whilst the earnings of his labor had been expended upon the sick! Scenes of this nature, my dearest brother, you have too frequently relieved not to know the satisfaction which such actions afford; and in contemplating the superior misfortunes of others, you will in time learn to be reconciled to your own.

The death of a beloved object is one of those evils which religion alone can alleviate and assuage; and on that soothing source of comfort and consolation, I trust, my dear Frederic will endeavor to depend. Reflect for a moment upon our friend M——'s misfortunes, who doted to distraction upon his too-fascinating wife, yet beheld her forfeit all claim to virtue and principle, and break thro laws both moral and divine.

Can the death of those we love and esteem be an equal misfortune to their deviation from right? or is it not almost as severe a mortification to find neglect supply the place of tenderness and esteem?

Captain Sutherland, in his admired Tour to Constantinople, has entertained his readers with an affecting Sardinian tale, which at once proves the power of religion, and shows that few evils affect the mind equal to neglect. After describing his visit to a convent, and giving his opinion upon institutions of that kind, he tells us, that his attention was arrested by the youngest of the superiors; but I will give you her description in his own words.

'Lucilla appears scarcely thirty years of age; confinement has softened the color of her cheek, and composed the lustre of her eye: her features are perfectly regular, and her countenance is animated by the cheerful glow of benevolence and

virtue. With the gentleness of a saint, she possesses all the accomplishments of a woman of the world, and speaks a variety of languages, with a voice harmoniously sweet. Early in life she engaged herself to Fernando, a young nobleman, her equal in every respect: the hearts of this pair were already united, and the day was fixed for their nuptials to take place, when the sudden death of Fernando's father obliged him to pass over to the Continent, to pay the last duties of an affectionate son. Before his departure, he repeated those endearing vows of eternal constancy which both had given and received before; and each promised at every opportunity, to write.

MATILDA.

(Conclusion in our next.)

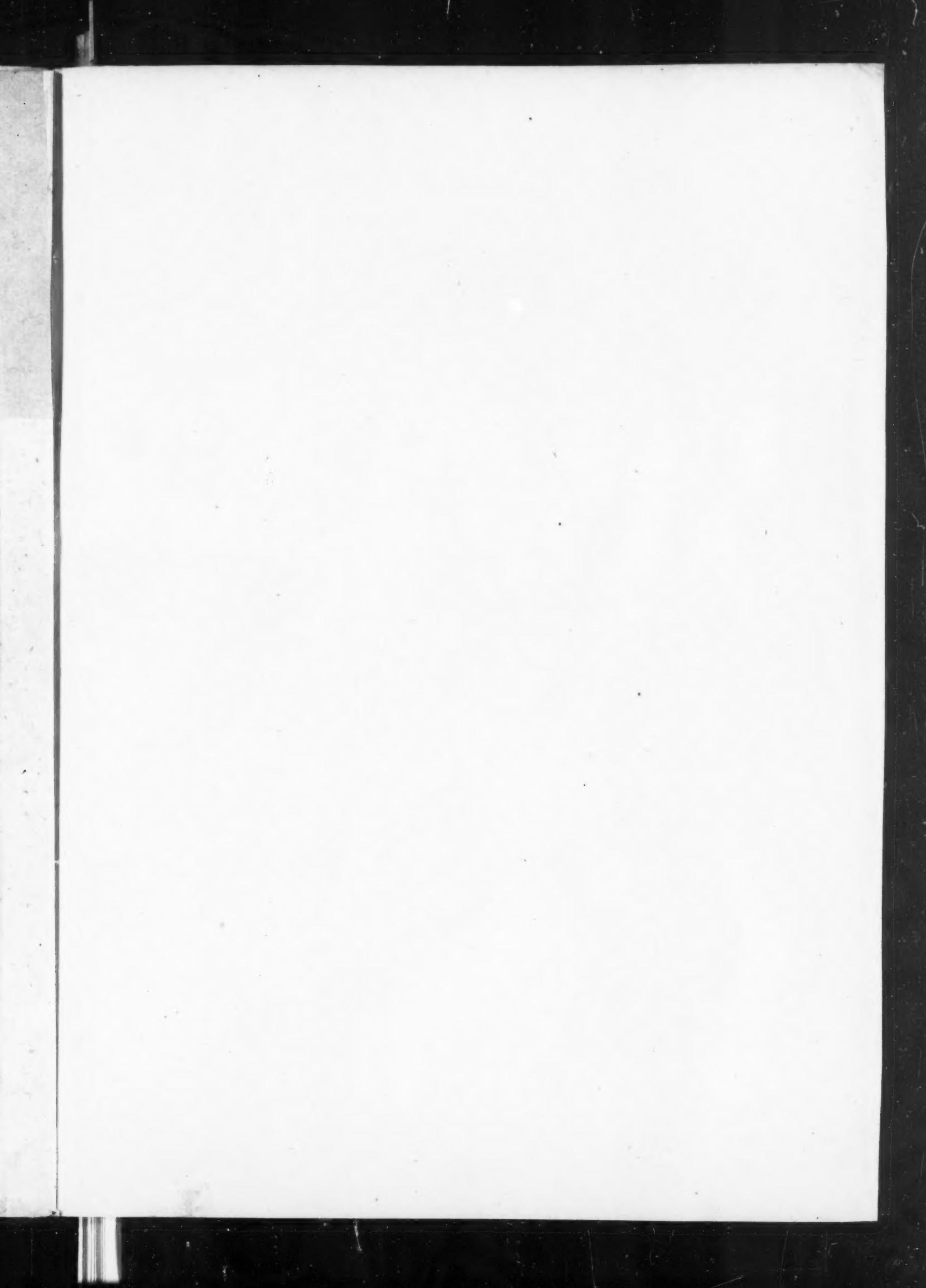


WOMAN,

*Brought sin and death into the world;  
But, Woman brought also a SAVIOR into the world!*

I will now speak on the behalf of Women, to take away their reproach. For as death and the curse came into the world by a woman, so did also life and death. 'God sent forth his Son made of a woman.' Yea, to shew how much those that came after, did abhor the act of the mother, this sex, in the Old Testament, coveted children, if haply, this or that woman might bear the Savior of the world. I will say again, that when the Savior was come, women rejoiced in him before either man or angel. I read not, that ever man did give unto Christ so much as one groat; but the women 'followed him and administered unto him of their substance.' It was a woman that washed his feet with her tears, and a woman that anointed his body to the burial. They were women that wept when he was going to the cross, and women that followed him from the cross, and sat by the sepulchre when he was interred. They were women that were first with him at his resurrection morn, and women that brought tidings first to his disciples that he was risen from the dead: Women therefore are highly favored, and are sharers with us in the grace of life.

BUNYAN.



Imperfect.



ON  
PENNSYLVANIA.

E. & A. E. Polts  
March 19, 1874